Now will I queſtion *Caſsio* of *Bianca*;
A huſwife that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelfe bread and cloathes: it is a Creature,
That dotes on *Caſsio*: as tis the ſtrumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguild by one, *Ent.* Caſſio.
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the exceſſe of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſsio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leiutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.

Caſ. Alas poore Catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.

Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke ifaith ſhe loues me.

Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Caſsio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,
Goe to, well ſaid.

Iag. She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?

Caſ. I marry her? I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome: ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, laugh that wins.

Iag. Faith the cry goes, you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Prethee ſay true.

Iag. I am a very villaine elſe,

Oth. Ha you ſtor'd me well.

Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out; ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he beg

Caſ. She was heere euen now, ſhe was tother day, talking on the ſea bank thither comes this bauble, by this hand

Oth. Crying, O deare *Caſsio*, as it w

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weep me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that d

Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue her compa

Iag. Before me, looke where ſhe co Tis ſuch another ficho; marry a perfu by this hanting of me.

Bian. Let the diuel and his dam ha by that ſame handkercher, you gaue foole to take it; I muſt take out the w worke, that you ſhould find it in your left it there: this is ſome minxes to worke; there, giue it the hobby horſe, take out no worke on't.

Caſ. How now my ſweete *Bianca*,

Oth. By heauen that ſhould be my

Bian. An you'll come to ſupper to not, come when you are next prepar'd

Iag. After her, after her.

Caſ. Faith I muſt, ſhee'll raile i'the

Iag. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Faith I intend ſo.

Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee you with you.

Caſ. Prethee come, will you?

Iag. Goe to, ſay no more.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him *Iag*

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he la

Oth. O *Iago*,

Iag. And did you ſee the handke

Oth. Was that mine?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)